vita importance that he hastened forthwith to carry it to the colonel,

Unlike Roxanna White, Daniel preferred to approach Thorne Hill by the back entrance, and at the stable he demanded of Dublin to see the colonel.

There was not a negro on the place who would willing name a Furnival in the colonel's prese ce; but Dublin did not refuse the errand, he simply transferred it to Griffin Jim, who passed it on

to Tom Quash, who appealed to his grandmother, Glory-Ann, who found in Missy a ready ambassador; for Missy, connecting this widt with her brother Nicholas, felt a burning desire to know what Dan Furnival could have to say to

The colonel flushed darkly when he heard Missy's announcement; like her, he thought this visit might refer to his son, but he did not refuse to receive Furnival. "Let him come in here," he said. with a coldness that gave no hint of the fire at his heart; and Missy ran back acress the yard to conduct the visitor to the office. When he entered she sat herself down in the doorway.

"Mornin', colonel," said Furnival. with a would be easy air. "How's yer

The colonel returned his salutation with involuntary stiffness, and, as a matter of course, asked after Furnival's

"They're middlin', I'm 'bleedged ter ye," Furnival replied, in a tone that reflected the memory of a stinted Christ-"I hearn tell, about a week past, colonel, what ole man Gilbert is missin', along o' one o' yo' mules. Pledgee my word, I nuver was mo' tuk a-back in my life; an' I ain't credited hit none, ontel las' night my son Jesse up an' tole me what was knowin' ter him: an' I thought hit mought throw a sorter light on the nigger's disappearance, an' I come straight ter give you the benefit. Fur, colonel, you an' me has been neighbors, an' frien'ly neighbors," Daniel proceeded, waxing effusive, as he perceived the colonel's growing interest: "an' I ain't minded ter let no secent happenins interfere betwixt us. Me an' Samantha ain't takin' Job's

But an impatient gesture from the colonel warned him that he was venturing on dangerous ground, and he checked himself.

"Hit's ole man Gilbert what I come ter report on," he said, after clearing his throat loudly. "As I was a sayin', colonel, I warn't nuver mo' s'prised in my life; fur ole Gilbert was ez nigh free ez you or me, an' fur him ter up an' run away! What kin you look fur, nex'? sez I. Howsomever, my boy Jesse, he done tole me what he has come on ole Gilbert's tracks time an' agin, in the woods, an' Jose disdivered, a day or so ago, what the ole coon had a hole in the groun', all kivered with bresh heap, an' a ole pot was buried thar, what must a hilt a power o' money. So, puttin' of this an' that together. I do bullieve, colonel, what that ole nigger must of planned ter get away ter furrin' parts, say Alabamy or Georgy, somewha, an' so on beyon' Mason an' Dixon's Line, fur aught we kin tell. But he can't a-gotten fur exvit, not so fur but he mought be tracked."

Furnival was so full of the service he meant to render that he misconstrued the colonel's rising color and burning glance. He knew, indeed, that neither the colonel nor the colonel's father before him had ever had a runaway slave, and he supposed that indignation was the stronger against old Gilbert because this trusted old negro had tarnished such

"Hit's a shame, colonel, ez I do deole sake's sake, an' bein' neighbors an' dertake ter track that ole hypocritter between, but of short duration as well,

Missy, who had risen from the doorstep, pale with anger at the first suggestion of hunting old Gilbert, now threw Furnival with a scream of rage. don't have runaways!" she cried, "And I ain't goin' to let nobody track my old Daddy Gilbert! He shall go if he wants

The angry flush in the colonel's face faded; a softer light came into his eves; he went to Missy, sobbing on the floor, and put his hand on her head. "Get up, Winifred," he said, with an unwonted gentleness; it touched him to find that his little daughter felt as he did in regard to old Gilbert's disappear-

"Let him go!" he thundered to Furnival, with a sweep of his arm that seemed to emancipate old Gilbert and the mule

"Good Lawd, colonel! Property?" gasped Furnival.

"I'll have none of your interference sir," said the colonel, and turned his back and looked out of the window, but saw nothing for the mist in his eyes. He knew old Gilbert must have followed "Jest ez vou're a mind," said Furnival,

sulkily. 'I wish you good day an' better jedgment."

He went home and grambled to Samantha: "Ef Col. Thorne doan best me plum' outen all onerstandin', you kin hoot me. You may live neighbors with him year in an' year out, an' think you know every crack an' cranny of him, an' thar'll come a day you'll but yo' head beginst a corner of his darned, crank sided natur, ez would stonish Zebedee. I'm cussed of he ain't sot that ole nigger an' mule free with a wave of his han' "Well, he's got plenty mo'," said Sa-

mantha, dolefully "Whyn't he give some on 'em ter Nick. of niggers an' mules is so plenty? I tell ye that red headed, freckle faced little savigerous wasp of a gal o' hisn has got

an' haws bim, you better b'lieve." "Thar ain't nobody don't gee an' haw the colonel, you better b'lieve," said Sa-

CHAPTER XIX.

MASQUEILADING.

When Furnival had left the effice Missy crept to her father's side. He was still staring out of the window, and the first intimation of her approach was the touch of her fingers upon his hand. Unhappily, Col. Thorne was not demonstrative of affection, especially toward children, and just now, while he was struggling for the mastery of his feelings, he wished to be alone, and he shrank from her touch saying, coldly:

"Go play, Winifred; you interrupt

of a craving for the sympathy expressed in the clasp of those small fingers, and instantly he put out the hand he had so brusquely wibdrawn, put it out in dumb entreaty for the caress he had repulsed. But it is the fate of reticent natures to be misunderstood. His inveterate shyness had led him to slight his opportunity, and Missy's nascent tenderness, once rebuffed, was not easily to be won anew. She saw in her father's putstretched hand only a signal for her to retire, and her indignant spirit uttered its protest as she turned and left



Severed her tangled, red brown looks from

"I don't see as you're so mighty busy; just lookin' out of the window." And cross the vard went she, muttering to herself: "I ain't goin' to try no mo' to love father, and one of these days I mean to find Brer Nicholas and stay with him always. Brer Nicholas is glad when I hold his hand."

Angry and sore, Missy sat her down upon the knife block under the magnolia tree, glowing green in the wintry sunshine, and went for the brother who was blessed with the genial gift of expression.

Col. Thorne sighed, and locked the toor, and thus secured against unwarned intrusion, he sat before the fire with his head in his hands, and gave himself up to vain regrets. His little world seemed slipping from his grasp. In the sum of his joys and sorrows, his submissive, inane sister had never counted for much; is son by that hateful marriage was lost to him; he would remember Nicholas no more, and now that Flora was the wife of Alex Gage she could never again be the same Flora; there remained only Missy, and her he had driven away! The, colonel's desire to have her with him at that moment was just not strong enough to make him willing to risk a refusal by calling her back, so he consoled himself by making plans for her future. His little daughter's education was a problem that had vexed his soul not infrequently of late, and knowing well Miss Elyira's incompetency he resolved to

And now began an era miserable alike for Missy and for her father. It lasted five months. At the end of that time the colonel abdicated in favor of vacation, thoroughly convinced that for a little girl 12 years old a vigilant governess was an imperative necessity, to any cost. Meantime Missy and the colonel enjoyed a rest.

June had come again, but Nicholas had not been heard from, nor land old Gilbert returned. The two names were instinctively avoided in the colonel's presence. but otherwise life at Thorne Hill had resumed its accustomed course. Company came and went; Miss Elvira bought new finery and gave parties, paid and received visits, and went to dinings, and through it all read her daily allotment of Bishop Ken. Every Sunday, if the weather was fine, she drove to church clar, a cussed shame thet sich a deceifful | with Missy. At long intervals she went ole nigger should plot an' pian, an' steal, to see Mrs. Herry, for the colonel had withdrawn his prohibition when Flora rob his owners of property: an'so, fur | was married; but the intercourse was not cordial as of old, and, except for all, an' nuver no gredge betwixt us, ef | Missy's importunities, Miss Elvira had you'd a mind ter commission me I'd un- made her visits not only few and far

Missy held the opinion that she could not visit her cousins too often, and on a certain day near the end of June-it was the anniversary of Nicholas' departure, herself flat on the floor, interrupting | though Missy made no allusion to thisshe insisted upon going to Mrs. Herry's, not only to spend the day but to remain the night. Miss Elvira sighed and submitted; she was looking forward to that good time coming, when the inexorable governess should be discovered.

To Lottie and Bess, Mrs. Herry's two young granddaughters, Missy was always a welcome guest, and she herself desired nothing better than to be "turned alones." as Glory-Ann phrased it, in the lumber room upstairs. Here Missy had contrived a stage on which she personated her favorite heroes and beroines, with Lottie and Bess Herry and their little twin and regret which had possessed her soul brothers, sometimes as audience, sometimes as coadjutors. As audience they could not be more appreciative than Amity, who often fled in terror from Missy's realistic impersonations, but as coadjutors they were unquestionably more satisfactory.

The children had manufactured a theatrical wardrobe and "properties," but these had lost their novelty, and on this particular day Missy was jubilant over the discovery of a faded and shrunken nankeen suit that had been Paul felt herself nine miles on the road to Herry's-the claest grandson-in years Tampa, and her fear of the great, unlong past, and had since been lying for- known world that lay outside the familiar gotten in an unexplored closet.

Amid much tittering and expostula- abated. tion from Lorde and Bess, Missy attired herself in this suit, and as if suddenly up the pursuit, and Missy, having climbed endowed with the fire of genius proceed- over the fence, ran down a back street, cd to improvise a drama based on the as laughnole a little figure as ever apadventures of a lost boy.

It was already late in the afternoon when this performance opened, and Lottie, when she saw the light beginning to fade, reminded the protagonist that she ought to hurry the catastrophe in

order to be dressed for tea. 'Yes: 'cause Brer Paul is comin' home this very night for his vacation; he's comin' in the stage," piped one of the

Missy had heard this news before, but at this moment it seemed to have gained

a painful significance for her. "Do you s'pose I want to see him?"

she cried. "And my Brer Nicholas far away!" Down she sprang from the little stage,

thus bringing her performance to an abrunt conclusion. But Missy's drama was not yet over:

before the children could divine what she would do, she had seized a pair of shears, and with two or three swift strokes, had severed her tangled, red herself on top. brown looks from her head. The riotous curls fell around her on the floor, and she threw down the shears and ran-ran as if for life, dewn the back stairs and ing aloud stuffed the skirt of her naninto the garden, her cousins following keen blouse in her mouth, loathing her Yet, even as he spoke, he was conscious |

But Missy outran them. They lost sight of her beyond the row of quince bushes, near the fence, and thereupon abandoned the pursuit. The dog, that had been close upon her heels, turned back, when he saw Lottie and Bess and the twins no longer following; he thought the game at an end, and he was not un willing to rest and pant in the broad walk, while his playmates sat upon the bench under the bean arbor, and waited for Missy's return.

They waited there until the crescent moon brightened in the west, as the stars came out, and the shadows gathered over the garden; but Missy did not return and when the tea bell rang, the children went back to the house in fear and per-

"Where is Winifred?" Mrs. Herry asked, as they filed into the dining room. Miss Elvira, being at that moment ab sorbed in the perusal of the last few lines of the day's appointed portion of Bishop Ken, had not observed her niece's

"She's waitin' for her hair to grow, I reckon," said little Joe, with an hysteri-cal giggle, in which his brother and sisters joined.

"Oh, very well," said Mrs. Herry, who did not understand this joke; "we will not wait for a laggard little girl." "Dear! Dear!" sighed Miss Elvira, as

away from home with that child again, unless I have Glory-Ann." When supper was over and Missy did not appear Mrs. Herry demanded, with

visible annovance:

"Why does not Winifred come in?" Then Lottie told what had happened. "Except for cutting off her hair, this behavior is nothing out of the way for Winifred," said Miss Elvira, placidly, "I never know what to do with such a child, so I let her alone, I hope she'll grow wiser as she grows older. I wouldn't worry about her, Cousin Myrtilla; she won't come until she chooses.

But Mrs. Herry could not resist a grave uneasiness; she suspected a deeper purpose in Missy's flight than mere child's play, and she hastened to send her coachman and her dining room boy to explore the premises, while two of the women were dispatched to inquire among the neighbors

All this made Miss Elvira suddenly very nervous, and she began to walk the floor, wringing her hands.

It was drawing near to 8 o'clock, and Mrs. Herry was sure she beard the stage horn. "I trust Missy may not be run over," she said to herself, for this seemed the most formidable danger that could threaten the child.

This thought had not long occurred to her when there was heard a shuffling of many feet on the back piazza, a murmur of many voices in subdued lament, and Larkin, the carriage driver, followed by every negro on the place, came hurrying in, to announce solemnly: "Somethin' is happened, mistis; pre-

par' vo' min'. Then the front gate was heard to slam; some one ran up the front steps, rushed be sought for diligently and secured at in at the open door, and Mrs. Herry was clasped in her beloved grandson's strong young arms. He, at least, was safe! No harm had befallen Paul, this glorious boy of 17, on whom her fond old eyes

rested with proud delight. But this was no moment for rejoicing. 'Something is happened, dear grandsaid Paul, gravely, before he stooped to kiss his clamorous brothers Something has happened to Winifred Thorne; they are bringing



"Dat chile is Mawse Jasper Thorne's dar-

The impulse that directed Missy's flight was but the culmination, under a favoring suggestion, of that agony of longing for a year past. The mention of Paul Herry's return had been like a match to a train of powder; Missy's resolve was fired instantly; time, opportunity, her disguising dress-all invited. It was but the work of a few seconds to cut off her hair. Desperation lent wings to her feet, and soon she was out of sight-and out of breath, behind the quince bushes, where she paused an instant, striving to devise some plan by which to clude the children; for here in Tallahassee, Missy limits of her life was proportionately

Fortune favored her; the children gave peared in unaccustomed clothes four

sizes too large for her; but in the gathering dusk she passed unseen. Her aim was to overtake the stage in which Paul Herry was expected and by some means to hide herself therein. Once away route, for with her all roads led to Tampa.

By dint of wandering she came at last to the postoffice, in front of which the the colonel away. stage had just stopped. The sight of it thrilled her with exultation. She felt brother. There could be no bindrance now, she felt sure, to her journey. She dashed across the street and reached the stage coach unobserved, for all the bystanders were gathered around the postoffice, expectant of the mail. A quartet of young lads were dragging another had from the coach with hilarious greeting as Missy climbed up by the hind wheel on the opposite side and established

There a terrible sense of isolation possessed her. She stretched berself out. face downward, and to keep from wailing to be a boy; how could she, a poor, quaking little girl, ever hope to find Brer Nicholas unaided and alone? In despair and self contempt she began

to climb down with perilous haste; the said, "no, you won't." driver cracked his whip, the coach gave a lurch, Missy loss her hold and fell, with a wild scream, between the wheels.

The horses were checked instantly, and there was a rush to the spot whence that frantic cry proceeded. Paul Herry, who had started to walk home accompanied by his young friends, turned back to join the little crowd assembled around Missy, lying unconscious in the sand.

No one recognized the child, and a looker on had just hazarded the conjecture that the outlandish little creature must have arrived on the stage, unknown to the driver, when Larkin came upon the scene.

"Lemme see!" he shrieked. "Fur de. love o' heben, mawsters, dat chile is Mawse Jasper Thorne's darter, little Miss Winifred Thorne."

There was a murmur of incredulity, but Larkin insisted, apologetically, "Tubbe she, hit doan look lak hit, but hit's so. Hukkom she's in sich a rig; she been playin' succuss. Lawd! Lawd! Is she killed, mawsters?"

They lifted Missy from the ground and carried her into a neighboring drug store, where she recovered consciousness. 'I'm Winifred Thorne," she said, and she shut up Bishop Ken; "I never will be essayed to move, but fainted again.

"Any bones bruk?" Larkin asked anxlously of the doctor bending over her. The doctor thought not; but there wa probably serious injury somewhere; and Larkin was ordered to return and inform Mrs. Herry.

Paul Herry had hardly told his grandmother what he knew of the accident when Missy was brought in on a litter, where she lay, deadly pale, with her eyes closed, and moaning piteously.

Miss Elvira came and looked at her.

"Oh, Winifred," she lamented, "what will your father say?" "Hush!" Mrs. Herry warned her; but Missy heard and opened her eyes.

"I was-tryin' to find-Brer Nicholas," she panted. "Poor child!" Mrs. Herry sighed, with

tears falling over her cheeks like rain. Miss Elvira staggered back to the sofa in the parlor and wept and wrung her hands.

"Some one must go for the colonel," Mrs. Herry said.

One of Paul's young friends, who had to Thorne Hill, and some time past midnight Col. Thorne alighted at Mrs. Her ry's gate.

He had ridden hard and he had ridden alone, for he would not allow the breathless messenger who brought the tidings of Missy's fall to return with him; nor was it so much the instinct of hospitality that made him insist upon the young the desire to escape all witness of the wear. anguish he could not hide. He had ordered Griffen Jim to make ready the double buggy and follow immediately with Glory-Ann, but he himself rode out in the night as furiously as his son had ridden away just one year before. The colonel remembered this and groaned aloud: he remembered, too, with a shudder his declaration that he would never again cross Mrs. Herry's threshold save in case of some calamity; and the calam-

ity had come, but not to Mrs. Herry, The lights were still burning in the parlor and in the hall, and there was a light also in one of the rooms upstairs. The colonel, as he dismounted, scanned the windows of that room with a fevered effort to read there some sign of his child's condition, before he strode up the

His violent ride had not subdued his impeneirable, distant demeanor that had of feeling he showed was his utter in-

will not necessarily prove fatal," the on the outside and are finished at the top breasted frock coats in Lendon. doctor said, and paused.

The colonel bowed. "But lameness may be the result." An angry flush darkened the colonel's face, but he heard all the doctor said in silence, and then, turning abruptly away, went upstairs.

At the door of the room where Missy lay Mrs. Herry met him. What is the matter?" he demanded. "Has not Dr. Lane told you?" Mrs.

Herry said, glancing at the child on the "One doctor!" exclaimed the colonel, wrathfully. "I will have all the doctors in the state! I don't believe the injury will result in lameness: I won't believe

anything of the kind." "My dear cousin," said Mrs. Herry, 'we must hope for the best. Let me give you some coffee after your long

night ride? Or a glass of wine?" The colonel refused; he wanted nothing, he said; but he would see the child

He stood by the bedside and looked long at Missy. The doctor had given an anodyne, and she lay asleep, with her hands crossed on her breast; and her

father, overpowered by the sight, turned away and left the room. In the morning he came again. Missy had not stirred. "When will she wake tons. he asked, despairingly. But when Missy awoke his distress increased. She had been so little caressed by him, so seldem noticed except to be reprimanded for some childish fault, that he

"Take him away!" she entreated. "Don't let him touch me! It hurts me to touch me: and it won't do a mite of good to ecold me."

was the last person she wished now to

"Winifred, I will not touch you; I will from Tallahassee, Misky felt sure of her not scold you," the colonel assured her. For answer Missy covered her face with her hands and screamed and sobbed, so that it became necessary to take

But remain away the colonel could not and would not. When she was quieted herself at last on the way to rejoin her he came again and sat down with his hands behind him, in order to show that he did not mean to touch her. If she would only smile! But the troubled look he were was not calculated to win smiles. "Where hurts you, Winifred?" he asked.

'Don't you feel better?" "Nowhere hurts," answered Missy. And I don't feel better." The colonel sighed. "Is there anything you would like to have?" He struggled

lipr long unused to affectionate utterance, refused to frame the words he sought. "You shall have anything you ask, Winifred," he declared, pathetically. Missy closed her eyes and did not an- shapely in cut. Many New York women. after, half arraid, and wondering what cowardice. But her purpose gave way swer. She was silent so long that her notably those who have been much abroad,

growing uneasy at what he fancied might be a fatal symptom, when she suddenly opened her eyes, and looked at him with great earnestness. "No, you won't," she

Mrs. Herry had just come into the room to say that the doctors were downstairs, but the colonel signed to her not to speak.

"You said it once before," continued Missy. "You don't stick up to your word." To hear such a charge brought against him, even by a child, was an indignity the colonel could not brook. "I am at a loss to understand"-he began swiftly but Missy's interruption made him un derstand.

"I don't want anything but just Brer Nicholas," she asserted, defiantly: "And I setsout to find him because Daddy Gil bert said Miss Roxy White brought word Brer Nicholas was 'most a-starvin'; and that was what you told him to do. And

I ain't a bit sorry for anything I've done." The colonel covered his face with his hands and stifled a groan. In his judgment, it was Nicholas alone who was responsible for Missy's hurt; but he was might demand.

"Do you know where Nicholas is?" he asked, desperately, of Mrs. Herry, to the Missy. It was the first time he had named his son since the night he had repudiated

Mrs. Herry shook her head, "Unhap pily, I do not know," she answered, sadly The colonel was wholly unprepared for such an answer. Knowing that Mrs. Herry had always taken Nicholas' part he had felt sure that she was in corre spondence with him; and angry as he had been in this belief, he was ever more angry now to find himself mis taken.

"I never received a reply to any of my letters," Mrs. Herry explained: "and at last I wrote to the postmaster at Tampa; from him I learned that Nicholas

was gone, no one knew where.' She forgot Missy, and Missy forgot herself. "If you don't find him, I shall die!" cried the child. In her vehemence she had raised herself in the bed, but in stantly fell back with a scream.

To be Continued. WHAT SHALL WE WEAR?

helped to bear the litter, offered to ride PREVALING FASHIONS FOR SPRING AND SUMMER.

> Recent Importations in Little Girls' Frocks New and Correct Designs in Liveries for House Servants, Also Liveries for Out-

Maving had a glimpse of recent importathat made him insist upon the young tions, we are enabled to give two charming fellow remaining the night at Thorne as models in little girls' frocks for summer



NAINSOUR PROCE-IVORY CHINA FROCK. One is of embroidered nainsook with a by the bye, is just met him at the door he presented the now a popular feature. The graceful hat worn with this dress is of Leghorn; the trimmings consist of ribbon bows and a always characterized him; the only sign large cluster of ostrich tips. The remaining figure illustrates a frock in ivory china ability to frame in words the questions silk, made elaborate with tucks and silk that burned in his eyes. "I am of the opinion that the injuries are shaped with tucks running lengthwise with epaulets and at the bottom with embroidered cuifs. The hat is made to match in drawn China silk, full crown, with ribbon bow.

New York Liveries. In the first illustration are given late and correct designs for indoor liveries as furnished for New Yorkers' homes. These



the amount of trimmings used by each The group here depicted, however, affords a very good idea of present styles in servants' outfits from head butler to but-

signs for outdoor liveries. These outfits also vary in color, according to the require-



OUTDOOR LIVERIES. ments of each family, and are more or less ornate as to finish and trimmings. We have been enabled to present these designs through the courtesy of the well known

A Word About Corsets. Notwithstanding the huse and cry raised.

for some term of endearment, but his Against corsets by the advocates of the so called "health garments" women who dress well, as a rule, cling to the corset. There are few swell dressmakers in New York city out the foundation of a well made corset, was to be the end of fuls escapade. . I at last. After all, she was only pretend | father thought her asleep, and he was pow practice a custom long in vogue with |

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Yards connected with all railroads in the city wearing the corset outside of all other un-dergarments, so that the dress waist, following the unobstructed outlines of the erset, can be made to ill without crease or wrinkle. It may be added in this connection that, when the corsel is thus word, the "union underwear," which does away with bends and gathers and plaits shout the

waise and hips, is the kind generally se-ected.

Smocking and Pialting. The probabilities are that as the season advances the fashion for accordion platted dresses will be greatly developed. Acordion pleated dresses are eminently suit-ide for children's wear, for they admit of absolute freedom of movement. One particularly pretty mouel, made in some light woolen texture, resembled a fully plaited dress with a short cost open in front, but was really out all in one. more elaborate raiment required by adults. we observed a great variety of silk badics such as are now worn, at afternoon tea and beads, and another in eau de Nil veiling fell in close according plants about the fig-ure, and a third, in heliotrope silk, exhibited the high shouldered puffed sleeves which

are now in style. Veivet collars have appeared on double creasted frock coals in London.

Failly, RINNEARCLIS, ST. PAUL, FAILLY, RINNEARCLIS, ST. PAUL, LPH ATCHINGN LEAVENWORTH.

CITY TOPRIA, DENVER COLORAIN and PURILLO Free Rectaining Chair Ga

worm more than ever this summer.

AMERICAN LEGION OF HONOR. Something About the Late John J. In-

gails-In Massachusetts.

In The American Legion of Honor Jour-nal appears the following:
"Died, at Zanesville, O., March 9, 1896, John J. Ingalls, at the age of 57 years, after a brief Illness. Companion Ingalis was a charter member of Lincoln council, Na 334, American Legion of Honor, of Zanes ville, instituted Oct. 23, 1880, and was, at the first election of officers, shown past com mander. He represented his council at the institution of the Ohio grand council, Aug. 8, 1881, and was elected to the position of grand treasurer, which office he continue to occupy until his death, at each succeeding annual meeting being elected by seels mation. In the death of Companion Ingalia the grand council lesses an officer whose

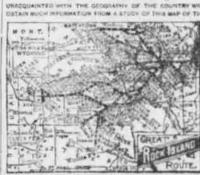
it will be hard to fill. The following is from an official circular. from the Grand council of Ohio, announce

ing his death: Companion Ingalls was the first grand treasurer and has ably and acceptably filled the office since the arganization of the Grand council in 1881. Being peculiarly fitted for the position by education, similar and business connection, the vacancy caused by his death will be difficult to hit. and will be cause for sincere regret by the entire membership. Grand Commander Rockwell has appointed Supreme Representative L. S. Ebright of Akron council No. 249, of Akren, grand treasurer to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Com-

Grand council of Massachusetta met in eleventh annual session at Enights of Honor hall, Boston, recently, with Grand Commander Nelson S. Wakefield in the chair The usual routine business was transacted the reports of the officers were received and eferred, and a large number of new past ommanders were admitted. The per capta tax was fixed at 74 cents per your.

Ill Treated by Stronger Kineme "Arkansaw." the alligator slaver of East Orange, Fig., recently killed one of the "warmints" that had three of its legs his ten off, a portion of the juw had been eaten by a stronger kinsman, and boles were found in him where he had paid the penalty of a pound of flesh, simply be his opponent was the stronger. Arkansan states that alligators feed upon each other to the extent that regulates the supply to the demand, and that if they were to comfrom their cannibatistic habits they wonli soon abound in sufficient numbers to pile alligators four feet deep all ever the John's river country.-Philadelphia In-

A MAN



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The two buttoned cutuway cost is one of the products of this senson.

Over galters are in style, nor does it appear to be essential that the color should match any other article of costume.

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